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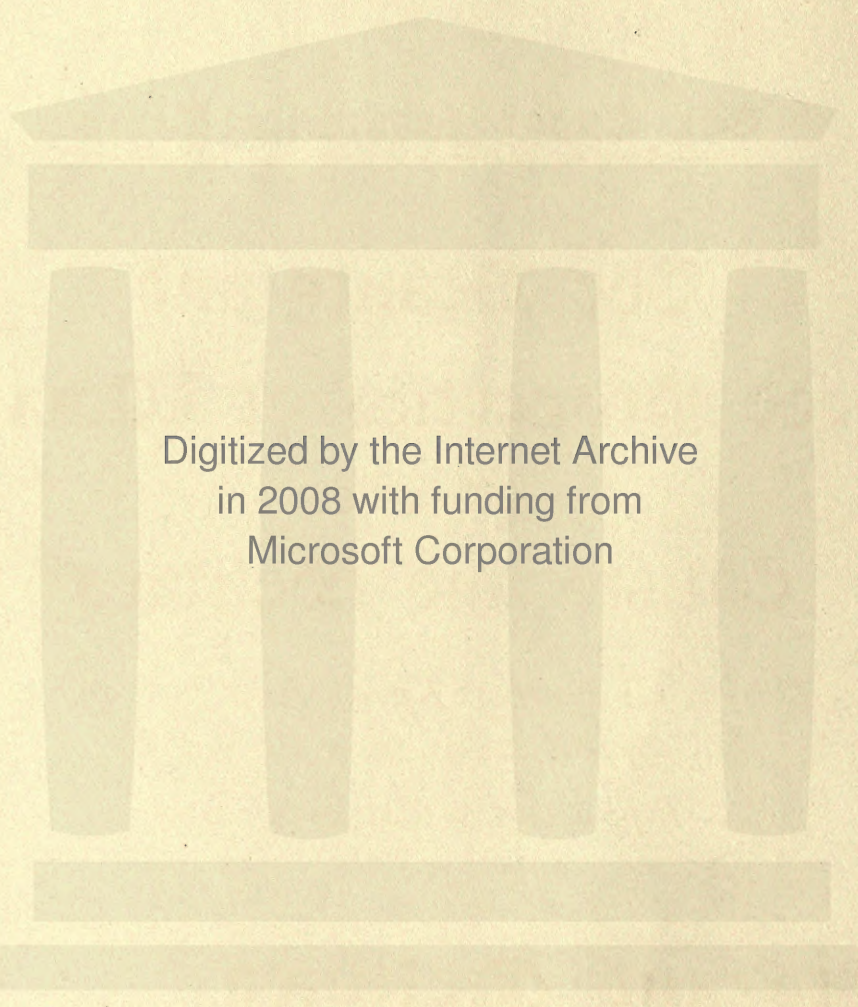
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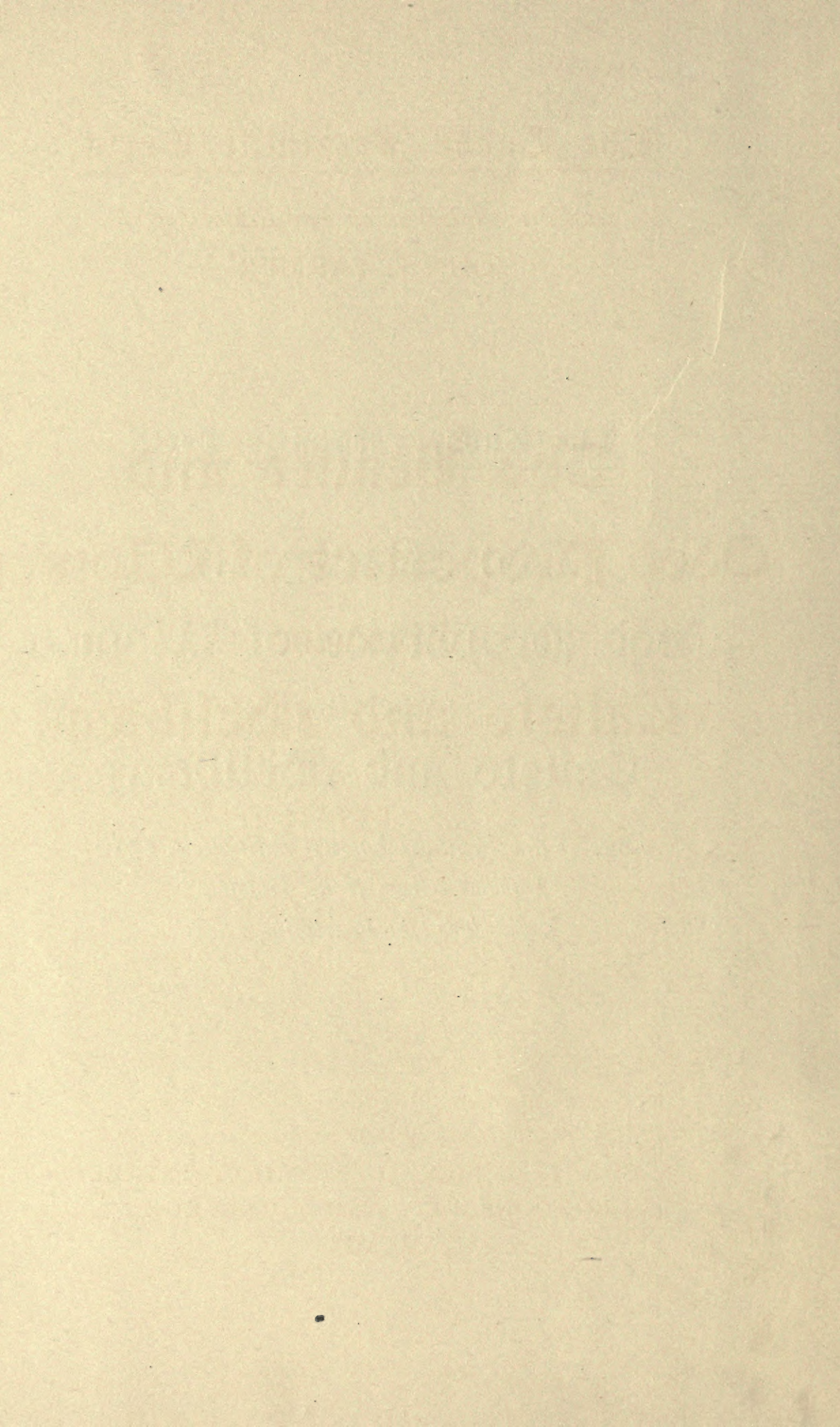
The Beauty and
Good Properties of Women
[otherwise
Calisto and Melibæa]

Date of the Earliest Known Edition, c. 1530

[Bodleian Library, Malone Collection]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Calisto and Melibæa



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Beauty and Good Properties of Women [otherwise Calisto and Melibæa

11

c. 1530]



Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMIX

GENERAL
R



The Beauty and Good Properties of Women

[otherwise

Calisto and Melibæa]

The secondary title, "Calisto and Melibæa," was adopted by Hazlitt when first he reprinted this item in his edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays."

The only known copy of the original is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library.

The photographic negatives used in this reproduction were supplied by the Clarendon Press (see Introductions to "The Temptation of Our Lord" and "The Marriage of Wit and Science").

The whole of this reproduction is too strongly printed, from causes there alluded to. The background in each case ought not to be stronger than that of [A. v. verso] l. 5, verso, or B. i. verso (l. 7), which are good: with these may be contrasted A. iv. verso, which is "very bad." The blot on A. i. recto, bottom of page, is the result of a hole in the original which goes right through the play.

JOHN S. FARMER.



Dec 10/1865. Dec 10/1865.

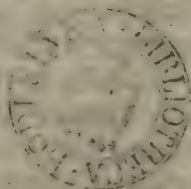
11 365.

This very rare piece was formerly in
Mr West's possession, and was
sold at the sale of his books in 1773
for £2.12.6.

It was probably printed about the
year 1535. B.M.



A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
of rethoryk / wherein is shewed & dyscreybd as
well the bewte & good properties of women /
as theyr bycrs & euill cōdiciōs / with a morall
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bettew



Melebea

Franciscus petrarcus the poet laureate
Sayth that nature whych is moother of all thing
wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Erastito the wyle clerk in his wrtyng
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyre workyng
And ther is no thyng vnder the firmament
with any other in all payntes equivalent
And accordyng to theyre dictys rehercyd as thus
All thyng are create in maner of stryfe
These folysh louers then that be so amercous
fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe
Now sory now sad now Ioyous now penyfe
Alas I pore mayden than what shall I do
Lombryd by dotage of one Calisto
I know that nature hath gyurn me bewte
with sangurnyous complectyon fauour & fayrenes
The more to god ought I to do fewte
with wyll lyfe laud and loue of perfytyes
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes

Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
Hys desyre I defy & vtterly shall hate
O his saynges & sutes so importune
That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
O hys lamenteacions & exclamacions on fortune
In similitude maner as one that shuld dy
But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
Shall I accōplysh hys carnall desyre
May yet at a stake rather been in a fyre
O of trouthe I am sory for hys trouble
To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me
But though hys sorows I assure you shuld doble
Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte
What a mys woman now crist benedicite
May nay he shall neuer that day see
Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
O wyll he now that I were present here
I assure you shortely he wold seke me
And without dout he doth now inquere
Wether I am gone or where I shuld be
Se/ is he not now come I report me
Alas of thys man I can nener be ryd
Wold to cryst I wyll where I myght be hyd

Calisto O By you feyre mechebe n ay be sene
O The grace the gyftes the greetnes of god
where i. C. In takyng effect of dāe natur^e stren^e
Nor perthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
In be wte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
O god I myght in your presens be able
To manifest my dolours incōperable
O Greter were that reward than the grace
Heuyn to optayn by workys of pyte
Not so glorvous be the saites that se goddes face
Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see
yet dyffereus there is bytwene theyn & me
For they gloryfy by his assuryd presens
And I in torment be cause of your absens
O why thyнкyst thou that so grete a reward
ye more greter than yf god wold set me
In heuyn aboue all seyntes & more in regard
And thyнк it a more hyer felycyte
yet more gretter thy reward shalbe
yf thou fle frō the determynacyon
O of thy cōsent of mynd by such temptacion

I perseyue the entent of thy wordys all
As of the wyt of hym that wold haue the vertew
Of me such a woman to be come thraill
Go thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou knew
I haue foule skorn of the I tell the trew
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn
Any cōmunycacyon perteynyng to syn
And I promyse the where thou art present
whyle I lyf by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

Lo out of all ioy I am fallyn in two
Vppon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
Of cruell hate whych causyth now a way to go
The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns
Alas alas now to me what norauns
Dew gard my lord and god be in this place
Sempromio / S. ye syr. L. a syr I shrew thy face
Why hast thou bene from me so long absent
For I haue bene about your bysynes
To order such thyngs as were conuenient
your house and horse and all thyng was to dress
O sempromio haue pyte on my dystres
For of all creatur I am the wofullest
How so what is the cause of your vnrest
For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng
That is or euer was. S. what is she
It is one which is all other excedyng
The picture of angell yf thou her see
Phebus or phebe no comparyson may be
To her. S. what hyght she / L. melebea is her name
Mary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame
I pray the sempromio goo fet me my lute
And bryng some chayre or stole with the
The arguinent of loue that I may dispute
whych scyens I fynd the arte without pyte
By the sempromio by the I pray the
Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
Then farewell cryst send the agayn sone
What fortune is egall vnto myne
What wofull wyght with me may compare
The thirst of sorow is my inpryd wyne
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
Cush syr be mery let pas awey the mare
How sey you haue I not hyed me lyghtly

Alli.

C

Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery

¶ Myrry quod a/nay that wyll not be

But I must nedys syt for very feblenes

Gyue me my lute and thou shalt see

How I shall syng myne unhappynes

¶ Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges

Alas in tune how shuld I set it

When all armony to me discordith yche whyt

¶ As he to whos wyll reson is unruly

For I fele sharp nedyls within my brest

¶ Peas warr truth haterad and iniury

Hope and suspect and all in one chest

S

Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest

Rome how he brent/old and yong wept

¶ Bnt she toke no thought nor neuer the less slept

C

¶ Gretter is my fyre and less pyte shewd me

S

I wyll not mok this foule is a loue

C

¶ What sayst thou/S. I say how can that fyre be

That tozmentyth but one lyuyng man gretter

¶ Than that fyre that brēnyth a hole cyty here

And all þ people ther. C. mary for þ fyre ys grettyr

¶ That brēnyth betey soze and 'astyr' lengyr

¶ And gretter is the fyre that brēnyth one soule

¶ Than that whych brēnyth an hundred bodyes

S

¶ Fys sayeng in this none can contr:oll

C

¶ None but such as lyst to make lyes

¶ And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse

¶ I had leuer my spirete in brute best shuld be

¶ Than to go thydyr and than to the deyte

S

¶ Mary syr that is a spyce of herple

C

¶ why so/S. for ye speke lyke no crystyn man

¶ I wold thou knewyst melebea wo:thyp I

¶ In her I beleue and hez I loue/S. I ha than

¶ wyth the melebea is a grete woman

¶ I know on whych fote thou dost halt on

¶ I shall shortly hele the my lyff the:uppon

C

¶ An vncredable thyng thou dost proumple me

S

¶ Nay nay it is easy I nough to do

¶ Bnt furst for to hele a man knowlege must be

¶ Of the seknes than to gyff counsell the:to

C

¶ what counsell can rule hym sempromio

¶ That kepyth in hym kepyth no order of counsell

S

¶ A is this Calisto his fyre/nou I know well

¶ How that loue ouer hym hath cast hez nec

In whose perseuerans is all inconstans
 why. is not Eliceas loue and thyn met
 what than. **C.** why reprocuest me than of ignorans
 For thou lettyst mannis dignite in obeylanus
 To the imperfection of the weke woman
A womā May a god of goddesses. **S.** beleuyt þ thā
 Oye and as a goddes I here confesse
 And I beleue there is no such sufferayn
 In heuyn though she be in yerth. **S.** peas peas
 A woman a god nay to god a byllayn
 Of your sayeng ye may be sory. **E.** it is playn
 why so. **C.** because I loue her and thynk surely
 To obteyn my desyre I am vnworthy
C O ferfull hart why comparyst thou w Rembroth
 Or alexander of this world not lord onely
 But worthy to subdew heuyn as sayeng goth
 And thou reputyst thy self moze hye
 Then them both and dyspayryst so cowardly
 To wyn a woman of whom hath ben so many
 Gotten and vngotten neuer hard of any
I t is relytyd in the fest of seynt Jhon
 Thys is the woman of auncyoun malyce
 Of whom but of a woman was it long on
 That adam was expulld from paradys
 She put man to payn whomely dyd dyspyle
 Than syth adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce
 Am I gretter than adam my self to auance
May but of those men it were wysedome
 That ouercame them to seke remedy
 And not of those that they dyd ouercome
 Fle from theyre begynnyng elche w theyre foly
 Thou knowyst they do euyl thyng many
 They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion
 Be it layre foule wylfull without reason
 Kepe them neuer so close they wylbe she wyd
 Gylt tokyns of loue by many subtell ways
 Semmyng to be shepe and serpent shrewd
 Craft in them renewyng that neuer decays
 Theyre sepyng sightyng prouokyn theyr plays
 What payn is to fulfyll theyre appetyt
 And to accomplysh theyre wanton delytis
I t is a wonder to se theyre dyssemblyng
 Theyre flatterynge counte nance theyr ingratitude
 Juconstance fals witnese saynyd wepyng

There barn glory and how they can delude
Theyre folyshnes theyre Jarglyng not me wode
Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes therfore
whychcraft & charynys to make men to theyre lore
Theyre enbawmyng & theyre vnshamefastnes
Theyre bawdry theyre suttelte & fresh attyryng
what trimyng what payntyng to make fayrnes
Theyre fals intent & flykkeryng smyllyng
Therefore lo yt is an old sayeng

That women be the dyuell net & hed of syn
And manny's mysery in paradyse byd begyn

C But what thyngyst thou by me yet for all this
S Way lyt ye weze a man of cleze wyt

whom nature hath indelyd w the best gyft

As bewte & gretnes of membres perfyte

Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this yche whyt

Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens

For to be able of lyberall expens

For wythout good wherof fortune is lady

Roman can haue welth therfore by coniecture

you shuld be belouyd of euery body

Calisto But not of Helebea now I am sure

And thought thou hadst prayd me wout mesure

And comparyd me without comparison

yet she is aboue in euery condicion

Behold her noblenes her auncyon lynage

Her gret patrymony her excellent wyt

Her resplendent verteu hys portly corage

Her godly grace her sufferyn bewte perfyte

No tong is able well to expresse it

But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle

My self to refresh in reherlyng of my style

I begyn at her here which is so goodly

Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lase

farr shynyng beyond fyne gold of araby

Itow the son coler to hyt may gyft place

That who to behold it myght haue the grace

wold say incomparisson nothyng couiteyaylys

Then is it not lyke here of alle tayles

S **Ca** What foule comparisson this scelow raylys

her gay glasyng eyen so fayre and bryght

her browes her nose in a meane no fassyon faylys

her mouth ppe & feate her teeth small & whyght

her lypis ruddy her body steyght bryght

Her lyttill tetys to the eye is a pleasure
O what Joy it is to se such a fygyre
Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
wyth rose colour ennewyd I the ensue
Her lyttill hand in meane mane; this is no troth
Her fyngers small & long wth naylys ruddy most pure
Of proporcyon none such in purtrayture
without peze worthy to haue for fayrenes
The apple that parys gaue venus the goddess
C Sir haue ye all done .C. ye may what than
I put case all this ye haue sayd be trew
yet are ye more noble syth ye be a man
wherin. S. He is vnperfyte I wold ye knew
As all women be and of lesse valew
Philosophers say the matter is less worthy
Than the foine / so is woman to man surely
C I lo ue not to heze this altercacion
Betwene melebea and me her loue
S D Wollible it is in euery condicyon
To abbot her as mych as you do loue her
In the wynnynge/begilynge is the daunger
That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fre
with what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
C L S Why wyth what eyen do I se now
wyth dyne eyen whych shew a lytel thyng much
But for ye shall not dyspayre I assure you
No labour nor dyligens in me shall gruch
So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such
In all thyng possyble that ye can adquire
The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre
C God brynge that to passe so glad it is to me
To here the thus though I hope not in thy doynge
yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
C L S God reward the for thy gentyll intendynge
I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardynge
S Sir god reward you & lend vs good sped
I dout not but I shall perforce it in dede
C But wythout reward it is hard to work well
I am content so thou be not necligent
S May be not you/for it passyth a meruell
C The master slow/the seruant to be dyligent
S Now thynkylt it can be shew me thyne intent
C S Sir I haue a neyghbour a moder of bawdry
That can prouoke the hard rokys to lechery

In all euyl dede she is perfet wyse
I trow more than a **M**arygyns
Haue bene destroyed by her subtell deuyle
For she neuer faylyth where she begynnys
All onely by thys craft her lyffynge she wyynnys
Mayde wyffys wydows and euerychone
If she ones meddyl the skapyth none

L
S
Chow myght I speke wyth her sempzonio
I shall byng her hydyr vnto this place
But ye must in any wyse let rewarde go
And shew he your greups in euey case

L
S
Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace
But alas sempzonio thou taryest to long
Syr god be with you. **L.** Cryst make the strong
The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
As he gydyd the iij kyngs in to bedleme
From the est by the starr and agayn dyd prouyde
As theyre conduct to retoyn to theyre own reame
So spede my sempzonio to quench the leme
Of this fyre which my hart doth wast & spende
And that I may com to my desyrd ende

Co pas the tyme now wyll I walk
Up and down within myne orchard
And to my self go comyn and talke
And pray that fortune to me be not haryd
Longyng to here wyether made or mayd
My message shall return by my seruannt sempzonio

L
Thus fare well my lordys for a whyle I wyll go
How the blessing that our lady gaue her sone
That same blessing I gyue now to you all
That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon
I am sought and sendfoze as a woman vntuefall
Celestina of trewth my name is to call
Sempzonio for me about doth inqueze
And it was told me I shuld haue found hym here
I am suze he wyll com hyther anone
But the whylyst I shall tell you a prey game
I haue a wench of Sempzonios a prey one
That solomnyth with me Elecca is her name
But the last day we were both ny a stak shame
For sempzonio wold haue her to hym self scuezell
And she louyth one Crypto better or as well
Thys Crypto and Elecca sat drynkyng
In my housand I also makynge meze



And as the deuyl wold farr from our thynkyng
 Semptronio almost cam on vs sodenly
 But then wrought I my craft of bawdery
 I bad Crypto go vp and make hyin self some
 To hyde hyin in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Elicea syt down a sowyng
 And I wyth my rok began for to spy
 As who seyth of semptronio we had no knowyng
 He knockyd at the doze and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyde see see
 who kysyth me Elicea and wyll not kys the
 ¶ Elicea for a countenaunce made he; greuyd
 And wold not speke but styll dyd some
 why speke ye not quod semptronio be ye meuyd
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 I traytour quod she full well dost thou know
 where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me
 That the inpostume and euyl deth take the
 ¶ Deafe myne Elices quod he why say ye thus
 Was why put you your self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for .iii. days absens to say to me so
 In fayth me thyukyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for here begynneth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Semptronio hard that and askyd who was within
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd Jomble
 who quod she a louer of myne/ may hap ye stamble
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ Well quod he I go/ nay thought I not so
 I sayd com semptronio let this foole alone
 For of thy long absens she is in such wo
 And half besyde her self and her wyt ny gone
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a frere
 ¶ What frere quod he wilt thou ned know qd I tha
 It is the f
 ¶ Quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To beze hym/ ye quod I though women per case

And a sterker baud was ther neuer none
For that I know I dare well se
Let se the contrary who can le y
¶ I haue bene at her hows & sene her trynkett
For payntyng thyng innumerable
Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gett
The thyng that she hath with folke for to fable
And to all baudry eue agreable
yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
Not only a baud but a wyth by her craft

Le

S

B

Ca

¶ Say what thou wilt son spare not me
I pray the perimeno lese thy malycious enu y
Hark hydyr sempronio here is but we thre
In that I haue sayd canst thou denye
Com hens perimeno I loue not thys I
And good mother greue you not I you pray
My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
¶ O notable woman O auncyent vertew
O glorious hope of my desyrd intent
Thende of my delectable hope to renew
My regeneration to this lyfe present
Resurreccion from deth / so excellent
Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
To kys thy handes wherin lyeth myrcinedy
¶ But myne vnworthines makyth resystence
yet worship I the ground that thou goest on
Beseching the good woman with most reuerens
On my payn with thy pyte to loke vppon
without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
To rebvye my dede spryt thou mayst preferre me
with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marre me
¶ Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete
wordes are but wynd therfore attons
Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
For money makyth marre haunt that must Iet
I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
For wout money w me no thyng spedys
¶ What seyth she sempronio alas my hart bleds
That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
for she thynketh that money all thyng fedys
Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
And tary here inoder a whyle I pray the
For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd

Le

Ca

S

S

Haue here my cloke tyll your dout be assoyld
Now do ye well for wede among corn
Not suspicious wth frynd^s byd neuer well
Or saythfulnes of word^s to rnyd to a skorn
Wakyth mynd^s doutfull good reason doth tell
Come on scimpzonio thou gyffyst me good counsell
Go ye before & I shall wayt you vppon
Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
How sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke
In my maisters eyes y^e they do cast
The one hath his chayn the other his cloke
And I am suze they wyll haue all at last
Ensample may be by this y^e is past
How scruauntis be dissaytfull in theyr maisters foly
Nothyng but for lucre is all theyr bawdry

Ca

S

P

Le

It pleasyth me parmeno that we togedyr
May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
yet vnderferyd now thou comyst hydyr
wherof I care not but vertew warnyth me
To fle temptacyon & folow charyte
To do good agayns yll & so I rede the
Sempronio & I wyll helpe thy necessitye
And in tokyn now that it shall so be
I pray the among vs let vs haue a song
For where acinony is ther is anyte

P

P

Le

L

What a old woman syng / Le. why not among
I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong
Go to when thou wylt I am redy
Shall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hye / a cantant
How sey ye now by this lytyll yong sole
For the thyrde parte scimpzonio we must get
After that thy maister shall come to skole
To syng the fourth parte y^e his purs shall swete
For I so craftely the song can set
Though thy maister be hors his purs shall syng cleze
And taught to solf that womans flesh is dere
How seyest to this thou praty parmeno
Thou knowyst not the world no: no delytis therein
Dost vnderstand me inseyth I trow no
Thou art yong inough the game to begyn
Thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old poze
Thou shuldest sey it lyeth not in me old hoze
A horeson a shaine take such a knaue

P

Le

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
 Because such knolege of the I haue
 Why who art/p/pineno son to albert the old
 I dwelt w the by the ryuez where wyne was sold
 And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
 That a wyld fyre bren the celestena
 But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
 Come hydyr thou lytyll sole let me see the
 A it is euen he by our blyssyd lady
 what lytyll brchyn hast forgotyn me
 whe thou layst at my bedd fete how mezy were we
 A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded
 How woldest thou pluk me vp to thy bedd hed
 And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely
 And for thou sinellydyt oldly I ran from the
 A shamefull hore son fy vppon the fy fy
 Come hyther and now shortly I charge the
 That all this folysh spekyng thou let be
 Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
 folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
 To who thy parēt on whos soulis god haue mercy
 In payn of cursyng had the be obeyent
 In payn wherof I command the straitly
 To much i master ship put not thyne intent
 No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent
 Maysters now adays cobeyt to byyng about
 All for theym self a let theyre seruantes go without
 Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
 But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce
 Faire word shall not lak but smal reward trust me
 Make sempronto thy frynd in any wyse
 For he can handle hym in the best gyse
 Repe thys a for thy profet tell it to none
 But loke that sempronio and thou be one
 Moder celestyne I wot not what ye meane
 Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym
 And as for ryches I desye it clene
 For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym
 Soner than he gat it/it wyll forsake hym
 I loue to lyfe in poyfull pouerte
 And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste
 Troth and honeste be ryches of the name
 But surete of welch is to haue ryches
 And after that for to get hym good fame

All thyng to purpose euy n as ye wold

C
S
Ca

For your reward I wyll do as I shuld
Be mery fere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
Then in oder fare well be dyligent I pray the

S
Ca

How sayst sempronio haue I done well
ye sy in my mynd & most accordyng
Then wylt thou do after my counsell
After this old woman wyll thou be hyeng
To remember & hast hez in euey thyng
Syr I am content as ye cōmaund me
Then go & byd pmeno come I pray the
Now god be theyre gyddys the post of my lyfe
My relese fro deth the Ambassad of my welch
My hope my hap my quyetnes my stryfe
My Joy my sorow my lekenes my helth
The hope of thys old woman my hart relch
That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
Or els come deth & make of me an end

P
Ca
P
Ca

In sayth it makyth no forle nor matter mych
what seyst pmeno what sayst to me
Mary I say playnly that ponder old wych
And sempronio to gedet wyll vndo the
I yll tongyd wrech wyll ye not see
Thynkyst thou lorden thou hādelyst me fayre
why knaue woldest thou put me now in dylpayre
Et exeat calisto

P

Lo syrs my master ye le is angry
But thys it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
Or warn theym for theyre welch it is but foly
For stryk theym on the hele and as moch wyt
Shall cō forth as at theyr forehede to pscue it
Go thy way calestro for on my charge
Thy thyrt is sealyd bp though thou be at large
How vnhappy I am to be trem
For other men wyn by falliehed & flateriy
I lese for my troth the world doth so ensew
Troth is put bak & takyn for foly
Therefore now I wyll chaunge my copy
If I had done as celystyne bad me
Calystro hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
Thys gnyyth me warnyng from hens for ward
How to dele w hym for all thyng as he wyll
I will the same forward or bakward
I will go streyght to hym and folow hym still
Say as he sayth be it good or yll

Bit

And syth these bawds get good prouokynge lechery
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdey

Sic creat paruino et intret melebea.

B

I pray you caule this woman here neuer syn
In fayth to entze here I am half adrad
And yet why so / I may boldly com in
I am suze froum you all I shall not be had
But iesus iei us be these men so uad
On women as they sey / how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

Intret Celestina

C

B

C

God be here i **B**. who is the? **C**. wyl ye bye any thred
ye mary good uoder I pray you come in
Cryst saue you fayre mestres a godd be your spede
And helth be to you & all your kyn
And mary godd^s mother that blessyd byrgyn
Preserue & prosper your womanly personage
And well to inioy your yough & pusell age
For that tyme pleasyrys are most eschuyrd
And age is the holpytall of all maner sykenes
The resting place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spozte of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Neighbour to deth a dry stok wythout swetnes
Discomforte disease all age alowith

B

C

I tze without sap that small charge bothe
I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
They desyre hurt for them self as all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come therby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly
He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be foryer
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder
A fayre damesell who can she w all the hurt of age
His werynes feblenes his discontentyng
His chylidshnes frowardnes of his rage
Wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and heryng
Holownes of mouth fall of teth saynt of goyng
And woist of all posselld with pouerte
And the hymmys arestyd with debylite
Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not zetorn to the begynnynge
Folys are they that are past theyre passage
To begyn agayn which be at the endyng
For better is possession than the desyryng

B

C

M
C

I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no
That ye desyre well I thynk not so
For as sone goth to market the lambys sell
As the shyppe none so old but may lyff a yere
And the is none so yong but ye wot well
May dye in a day then no aduauntage is here
Betwen youth & age þ matter is clere

M

C

wyth thy fablyng & thy resonyng I wys
I am begyld but I haue knowen the or thys
Act not celystyne þ dwellyd by the ryuer syde
ye for soth/þ in dede age hath aray the
That thou art the now can skant be espyed
He thynketh by thy sauour thou shuldyst be the
Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
But bewte shall passe at þ last thys is truth
Yet I am not so old as ye iuge me
Good moder I ioy much of thyne accoyntanaunce
And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce
Fare well tyll a nother tyme þ hap may chaunce
Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr
May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether

C

Angelyk ymage o ple so þcyous
How thou spekyt it reioyeth me to here
Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracypous
That agaynst the infernall seed lucyfe re
we shuld not only lyf by bred here
But by our good workys wher in I take some payn

M

C

yf ye know not my mynd now all is in beyn
Shew me moder hardely all thy nescellite
And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy
My nescellite nay god wot it is not for me
As for myne I last it at home surely
To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry
And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
To by bred when I lyst & to haue.iiii for wyne
Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
And w a tost in wyne by the fyre I could syt
w.ii.dosen soppe the collyk to quell
But now w me it is not so well
For I haue nothynq but that is brought me
In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

Thus I pray god help them that be neddy
For I speke not for my self alone
But as well for other how euer spede I
The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone
It is for a nother y I make mone
And not for my self it is a nother way
But what I must mone where I daze not say

Say what thou wilt & for whom thou lest
now gracyous damsell I thank you than
That to gyf audyens ye be so prest
W lyberall redynes to me old woman
whi ch gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can
Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekeneſ
Remyttyn hys langour to your gētyllnes

What meanst thou I pray the good modez
Go forth w thy demaund as thou hast done
On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
And on the other syde to compassyon
I know not how thy anſwere to faſſyon
The wordes whych thou spekyſt in my preſence
Be so myſty/ I pleyue not thy ſentence

I ſayd I laſt one in daungez of ſekeneſ
Drawyng to deth for ought that I can ſe
Now choſe you oꝝ no to be murdeꝝ
Oꝝ reupue hym w a word to come from the
I am happy yf my word be of ſuch neceſſyte
To help any cryſtyn man oꝝ ells goddꝝ foꝝhod
To do a good dede is lykynge to god

For good dede to good men be a lo wable
And ſpecyally to neddy aboue all othez
And euet to good dedys ye ſhall fynd me agreeable
Truſtyng ye wll exhoꝝt me to non other
Therfor ſere not ſpek your peticioꝝ good mother
For they that may hele ſekesfolk & do reſuſe theym
Querly of theyꝝ deth they can not excuſe theym

Full well & gracyouſly the caſe ye conſyder
For I neuer beleuyd that god in bayn
wold gyff you ſuch countenaunce & beſote to gedys
But chaꝝpte therwith to releue folke in payn
And as god hath gyffyn you ſo gyff hym agayn
Foꝝ folk be not made foꝝ them ſelf onely
Foꝝ then they ſhuld lyſt lyke beſtꝝ all rudely
Among whych beſtꝝ yet ſome be pyteſnl
Be vnicoꝝne humblyth hpyu ſelf to a mayd

And a dog in all his power yrefull
Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd
Thus by nature pyte is conueyd
The kok when he krapith & happith mete to fynd
Callith for his henns lo se the gentyll kynde
Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
Shuld not they to theyre neybours shew charyte
And spercally to them wappyd in sekeneſ
Than they that may hele theym cause þ infirmyte
No other without delay for godds sake shew me
I pray the hartly wythout more prayeng
where is the patient that so is paynyng
I saye dāsell thou maist well haue knowlege herto
That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
And of clere lynage callyd Calisto
whose lyfe & body is all in the I plyght
The pellycan to shew naturys ryght
Fedyth his byrds mē thynkith I shuld not tch the
Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the
A ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
Tell me no more of this matter I charge the
Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō
Art thou come hyther thus to desseyue me
Thou berdyd dame shameles thou seemest to be
Is this he that hath the passiō of folishnes
Thikyst thou rybaud I am such one of lewdnes
It is not sayd I se well in bayn
The tong of man & woman worst members be
Thou brut baud thou gret enemy to honeste certayn
Cause of secret errours Jhu Jhu bnedicite
So good bodi take this old thefe fro me
That thus wold me disseyue me w her fals sleight
Go owt of my syght now/get the hens sleight
In an yuyl howre cam I hyther I may say
I wold I had brokyn my leggs twayn
Go hens thou brethell go hens in the dyuyl way
Bedyst thou yet to increase my payn
wylt thou make me of thys sole to be fayn
To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
And to my self deeth to make me sory
I wilt thou bere away profet for my perdition
And make me le se the houle of my fathe
To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
As thou art shamfullyst of all other

B

Le

B

C

B

Thikist thou that I vnderstand not thou falls mother
 Thy hurtfull message thy fals subtell ways
 Make a mende to god thou lyffyst to long days
 Ce **A**nswere thou traytres how darst be so bold
 The feze of the makyth me so dysmayd
 That the blod of my body is almost cold
 I las fayre maydyn what hast thou sayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denyed
 Here my cōclusion which ys of honeste
 W out cause ye blame thys gentylman & me
 M **I** sey I wyll here no more of that fole
 Was he not here with me euy n ow
 How old which thou bryngyst me in grette dole
 Alk him what and weze he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayst thou
 More shewyng is but lost where no mercy can be
 Thus I answerd hym & thus I answer the
 Ce **T**he more straunge she makyth the gladder am I
 Ther is no tempast that euet doth endure
 M **W**hat seyst thou what seyst thou shameful enmy
 Speke out. Ce. so ferd I am of your dyspleasuze
 your anger is so grette I pleyue it sure
 And your pacyens is in so gret an hete
 That for wo & feze I both wepe & swete
 M **L**yttyll is the hete in cōparyson to say
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng
 Ce **F**ayre mayden yet one word now I you pray
 Appease w pacyens & here my sayeng
 It is for a prayer mestres my demaundyng
 That is sayd ye haue of seynt appolyne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne
 And the gyrdle there thou weyest about the
 So many holy relyk it hath to whyd
 That thys knyght thynkyth his bote thou must be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a vouchid
 For my hart for fere/lyke adog is couchyd
 The delygth of vengennis who so doth vse
 Pyte at theye nede shall theym refuse
 If this be trew that thou seyst to me now
 My nart is lyghenyd perseyuyng the case
 I wold be content well yf I wylt how
 To bryng this seke knyght vnto some solas
 Ce **F**ayre damsell to the be helth & grace
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
 ¶ By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
 with grace indewid in fredome as alexandre
 In strenght as hec tour in countenaunce mery
 Gracious / enuy in him reynyde neuer
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer
 Saw him armyd he semeth a seynt george
 Rather than to be made in naturall forge
 ¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auow
 The gentyll narciso was neuer so fayre
 That was ināinoryd on his own shadow
 wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
 Let mercy be thy mother & thou her heyre
 This knyght whom I come for neuer seasyth
 But cryeth out of payn that styll encreasyth
 ¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holodyn hym
 I thynk he be. xiiii. yeres of age
 I saw hym born & holpe for to fold hym
 I demaund the not therof thyne answer as wage
 I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
 He hath leyn / Ce. of trewth fayr maydyn as he says
 He hath be in this agony this. viii. days
 ¶ But he semyth he had leyn this. vii. yere
 How it grauyth me the il of my pacient
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here
 Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
 haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly
 ¶ And moder of these word passyd betwene vs
 Shew uothyng therof vnto this knyght
 Lest he wold report me cruell & furyous
 I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght
 I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
 ¶ And to calisto w this gyrdle celestina
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
 For gabriell to our lady wauemaria
 Caine neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
 Calisto how wilt thou now tyt by ryght
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon
 Comfort thy self the feld is half won
 ¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the
 Li.

M
 Ce

M

Me

Le

M

Le Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
M This knyght & I both thy becofolkis shall be
Le Moder yf nede be I wyll do more than thus
It shalbe nedefull to do so / & ryghteous
For this thus be yon must nedis haue an ende
which neuer can be wout ye condescend
Me Well mothe to morow is a new day
I shall performe that I haue you promest
Shew to this seke knyght in all that I may
Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest
And though he to me as yet be but a gest
If my word or dede his helth may support
I shall not fayle and thus byd him take comfort
Et exeat melebea.

Le Now cryst comfort þ & kepe the in thy nede
How say you now is not this matter carped clene
Can not old celestina her matter spede
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
Now know ye by þ half tale what þ hole doth meane
These women at the furst be angry & furuous
fayre wyther comyth after stormys tempestuous
And now to calisto I wyll me dres
which lyeth now languyshyng in grete payn
And shew hym that he is not remedyles
And beze hym this to make hym glad and sayn
And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn
That I am well worthy to beze the name
For to be callyd a noble archie dame
Danio pater melebee.

O meruelous god what a dreime had I to nyght
Most terryble bysron to repoit and heze
I had neuer none such noz none yerthely wyght
Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
It was of melebea my doughter deze
God send me good tythyng of her shortly
For tyll I heze from her I can not be mery

M O deze father nothyng may me moze displease
Nothyng may do me moze anoyans
Nothyng may do me gretter diseale
Than to se you father in any perturbans
For me chesly or for any other chauns
But for me I pray you not to be sad
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad

Da O swete melebea my doughter deze
I am replete with Joy and felycyte



For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From dech to lyfe me thynk yth it reuyuyth uie
 For the ferefull dreime þ I had lately
 What dreime syr was that I pray you hertely
 Dowtles me though þ I was walkyng
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two
 The one was a hote bath hollome & pleasynge
 To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To walsh them & clens them from sekeneſe alſo
 The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water
 Shortely they dyed all that ther in did enter
 And vnto this holesome bath me thought þ ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apase
 But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych apriker yd cur it was
 Whych strakyng her body along on the gras
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she
 Made her selfe a fayre spaniell to be
 Thys bych then me thought met you in the way
 Leppynge & fawnyng vppon you a pase
 And round a bowt you dyd reime & play
 Whych made you then dyport & solas
 Whych lykkyd you so well þ in short space
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt
 And euer ye lokyd continually
 vppon that same bych & so moche her eyed
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynke sodeynly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dystroyed
 Whych when I saw anon than I cryed
 Sterryng in my slepe & ther w dyd awake
 That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake
 Was not this a ferefull dreime & mezelous
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
Sic meſſea certo tēpore nō loquit ſed uultu ſamentabſi reſpicit
 Why ſpeke ye not why be ye now ſo ſtudious
 Is there any thyng þ hath chauncyd you amys
 I am your father tell me what it is
 Alas now your dreime whych ye haue expreſſyd
 Hath made me all penſyfe & ſore abaſſhyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
 Sir I know the canſe of your viſion
 And what your dredefull dreime doth ſignifye
 Ther of wold I ſayn now haue noticiō

Alas dere fader alas what haue I done
Offendyd god as a wrech vnworthy
wherem/dyl payre not god is full of mercy
Et genuflectat

Than on my knees now I fall downe
And of god chesely askyng forgyfnes
And next of you for in to oblyuon
I haue put your doctryne & lessons dowtles
Feze not doughter I am not meyciles
I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
But that ryght well it may be amendyd
Oye haue fosterid me bp full louyngly
In vertuous discyplene whych is the ryght path
To all grace & vertew whych doth sygnifye
By your dreime þ fayre pleasaunt holesome bath
The foule pyt wherof ye dreinyd which hath
Destroyd so many betokeneth dyse & syn
In whych alas I had almost fallyn In
The prikyetyd curr & the foule bych
whych made her self so synoth & fapre to see
Betokenyth an old quene a baudy wyche
Callyd celystine that wo myght she be
whych w her fayre wordē ay so pswadyd me
That she had almost brought me here vnto
To fulfyll the foule lust of calisto

Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson
whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew
That was every moenyng to say an orason
Prayeng god for grace all byre to eschew
O dere fader that lesson I haue kept trew
whych preseruyd me/for though I dyd cōsēt
In mynd/yet had he neuer hys intent
The verteu of that praye I se well on thing
hath preseruyd you from the shame of that sin
But because ye were somwhat cōsentyng
ye haue offendid god gretly therin
wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
humbly to besech god of hys mercy
for to forgyue you your syn & mysery
O blyssid lord & fader celestiaall
whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
Though I be a sinner wrech of wrechis all
yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes
full sore I repent my syn I cōfese

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
 Now humbly I beseech thy mercy therefore
Now þis well layd myne one fayre doughter
 Stand by therfore for I know verely
 That god is good & mercyfull euer
 To all synners whych wyll ask mercy
 And be repentaunt & in wyll clerely
 To syn no more he of hys grete goodnes
 Wyll graunt them therfore his grace & forgifnes
No here ye may see what a thyng it is
 To bryng by yong people vertuously
 In good custome for grace doth neuer mys
 To them that vse good prayers dayly
 Whych hath preferyd thys mayde vndoutydly
 And kept her f. o. actuall dede of shame
 Brought her to grace preferyd her good name
 Wherfore ye byrgyns & fayre maydens all
 Unto this example now take good hede
 Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
 To honeste & goodnes no dout procede
 And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
 To withstand all euyl temptacions
 That shall come to you by any occasions
And ye faders modeys & other whiche be
 Rulers of yong folke your charge is do wtes
 To bryng them by vertuously & to see
 Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
 Not in idell pastyme or vnthryftynes
 But to teche them some art craft or lernyng
 Whereby to be able to get theyr lyffynge
The bryngers by of youth in this region
 Haue done gret harme because of theyr nedygēs
 Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacyons
 So when they haue no craft nor sciens
 And com to mans state ye see the xpience
 That many of them compellyd be
 To beg or stele by very necessity
But yf there be therfore any remedy
 The hedys & rulers must furst be dyligent
 To make good lawes & execute them straytely
 Uppon such maystres that be nedygent
 Alas we make no lawes but ponyshment
 When men haue offendyd but lawes euer more
 wold be made to preuent the cause before

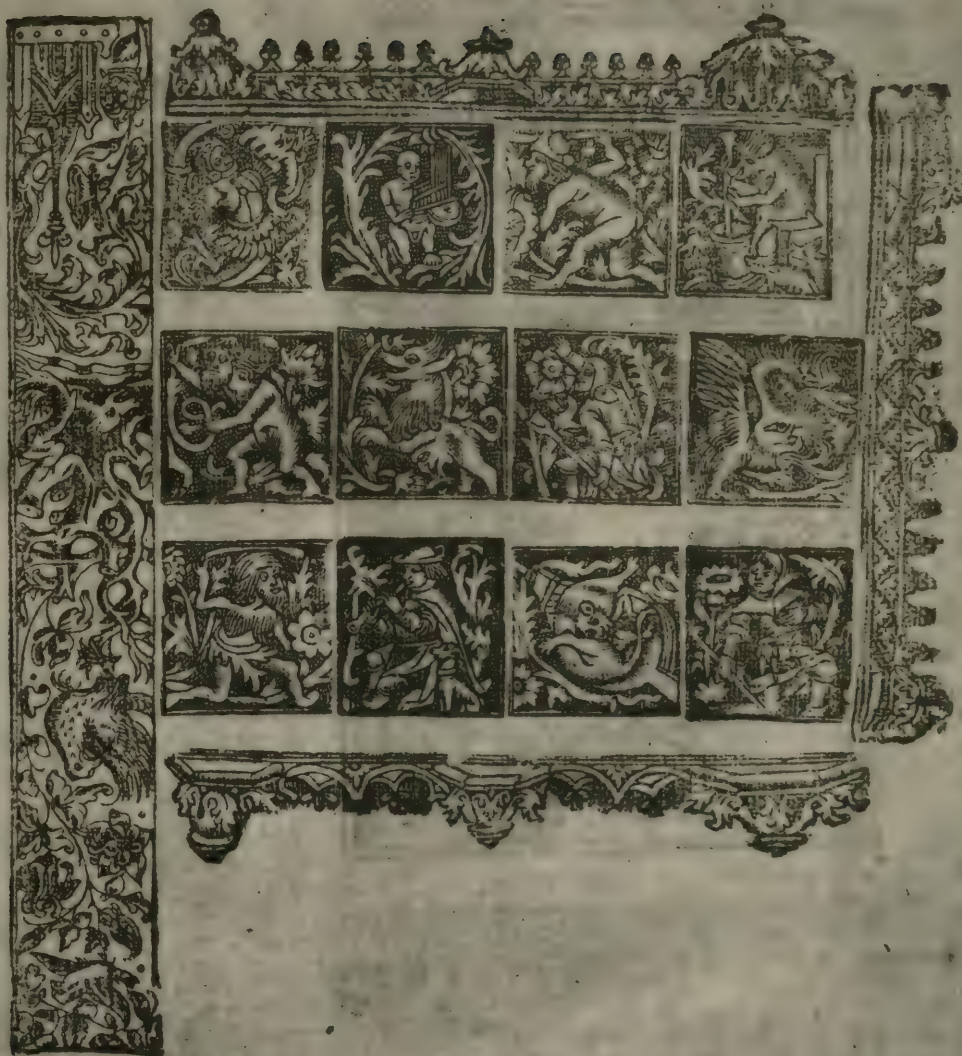
If the cause of the myscheff were seen before
 whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
 And good laws & ordynauncys made therefore
 to put a way the cause/ & were best remedy
 what is the cause that ther be so many
 Theft & robberies/ it is be cause we be
 Driven therto by nede & pouerte
 And what is the very cause of that nede
 Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfving
 And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
 Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbrynging
 But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
 But the world cōrnually shalbe nought
 As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
 Wherefore the eternall god that raynyth on hye
 Send his mercifull grace & influens
 To all gouernours that they circumspectly
 May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
 To bryng them to vertue & be obedient
 And that they & we all by his grete mercy
 May be pteners of hys blessed glory.

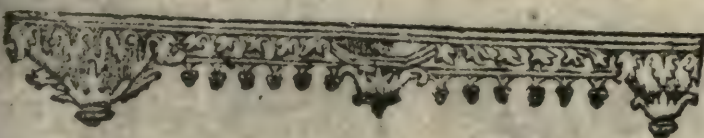
Amen.

Job's rebell me impunctate

Cum privilegio regali







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